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J. R. ANDERSON, President.



Vol. X.

Richmond, Va., March, 1882.

No. 3.

Memoir of the First Maryland Regiment.

By GENERAL B. T. JOHNSON.

[Written in July, 1863.]

PAPER No. 4.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

At 8 o'clock Sunday morning, May 25th, we took the road for Winchester. The long march of the day before had been made without rations, except the contents of numerous sutlers' stores seized at Front Royal, which were neither nutritious nor satisfying, and the sleep in the crisp mountain air without fire, had stiffened and weakened the men, but as their blood warmed with the exercise and the coming fight, they stepped out as cherrily as ever.

Before day, Colonel Johnson received General Ewell's order—"bring your regiment to the front." When we came up he was on the ridge of hills which rises on the Front Royal road to the southeast of Winchester, and distant from it a mile or a mile and a half. This crest sweeps around the town semi-circularly, cutting the Front Royal road and

Valley pike at short distances from the suburbs. From it the land sinks down a gentle swell of open field and meadow, closely checkered with heavy stone fences. Far to the left of us and off the Valley pike were the fortifications of the enemy vague and dim, and as yet undistinguishable as to size or shape. During the night, Jackson, with his old division and Taylor's Louisianians, had been pressing the retreating enemy down the Valley turnpike. General Ewell ordered Colonel Johnson to deploy as skirmishers on the left of the road, and of the Twenty-First North Carolina, Colonel Kirkland, to watch his left and keep it from being turned, and look out for Jackson on the Valley road. After getting into position and pushing forward a little, the rising sun slowly dissipated the heavy fog which had, till then, masked our movements. Before us lay the town of Winchester in all the quiet of the hour and the day. Far to the left stretched the Yankee lines of battle, glistening in steel. Just in front no signs of an enemy, save a few skirmishers, who tardily retired as the North Carolinians felt their way slowly but surely and steadily forward.

At that moment the splutter of Jackson's skirmishers was heard on the left. Colonel Johnson reported the fact and asked for orders, but then seeing the Twenty-first forming for a charge, he assembled his men and ordered them to the town. North Carolina was to our right about four hundred yards and about a hundred ahead. Down we all went together, making for the line of stone fences, when from one rose a line of blue and steel, and poured a volley into the Twenty-first that shivered it to pieces. Colonel Kirkland went down, badly wounded; the Lieutenant-Colonel was killed, and seventy or eighty men and officers killed and wounded. In the smoke and firing we penetrated the Yankee line, the Colonel intending to attack them in flank and rear while they were engaged in front. But on reaching the centre he found that he had no support. The Twenty-first had been driven back, and there were none of our troops within a mile and a half. He then sent to General Ewell, saying he was ready to attack in flank as soon as a demonstration was made in front. Before him to his right, as the battalion had changed front, and was formed at right angles to the Yankee line of battle, was the line which had driven back the Twenty-first, and behind him was a heavy force then being pressed back towards him by Jackson. There was every appearance of his being caught between the two forces. In that case there was nothing to be done but charge through the smallest, where we ran the risk of being charged by our friends advancing to attack the line we had broken. In this position all that could be done was to await events and orders. After a while, when the smoke had

become so thick that the light became dusky, the Yankee bugle sounded "cease firing," and instantly there was a pause along their whole line. The perfect silence was startling. Slowly the powder smoke raised from the ground as evenly and as regularly as a curtain is drawn up, and on our right could be seen the enemy's regiments taking new positions, the words of command sounding as clearly and distinctly as if addressed to us. Just then a distant cheer was heard on our left, and then could be seen the Louisiana brigade sweeping over the crest of the ridge towards the enemy's batteries with the swiftness and regularity that a wave advances to the shore. That charge ended the fight. The first line of the enemy, we could plainly see, broke and ran. Its supports moved off swiftly toward the town, and the Colonel gave the order to "Get after them." We had been ambitious of getting to the Taylor house first, and we made the best haste that we could. As the last Yankee marched down the main street of the town we were coming up a lane not three hundred yards behind them. Down the street we went, cheering like mad, and open flew doors and windows, old men, women and children rushed out, dressed and undressed in their Sunday clothes, and in their night clothes, hurraing, crying, laughing, screaming. Such an excited scene was never seen before or since—a whole people demented with joy and exhibiting all the ecstasy of delirium. With closed ranks, double-quicking for a time and then shortening the pace to get breath, we went down the street, the first regiment in front, some of the Second Virginia and the Louisianians were before us, but they were mere scattered men. Coming down Lieutenant-Colonel Dorsey asked the Colonel permission to take a company off into the street where the railroad is. He was sent with Lieutenant Booth and a detachment. Turning a corner he rode into a party of five, four of whom on his order threw down their arms, but the fifth shot him through the shoulder. He instantly shot the man with his revolver. Lieutenant Booth captured a hospital with equipments, ambulances, horses and surgeons complete.

At the Taylor house some one told the Colonel that Strother—Porte Crayon—the Virginia renegade had just run in there. He sent Lieutenant Ward and a detail to search the house. Lieutenant Ward lost Porte Crayon, but unearthed a number of officers who had not expected such a sudden termination of the battle. Here Colonel Johnson received five swords from surrendered officers, which he distributed among his own. Lieutenant Howard and a party captured a warehouse of ordinance stores, &c., and brought in the keys, and a guard was immediately sent round to take possession of all captured property.

Thus saving an immense amount of medical supplies, provisions, sutlers stores, &c., from indiscriminate pillage. All this was done before the next regiment entered the town.

Among the amusing incidents that occurred was the surrender of a Yankee officer's wife to the Colonel. She was in the Taylor House, and sent Lieutenant Ward to ask him to come to her, which he did. She said, "I am Mrs. ———, wife of Captain ———, Fifth New York Cavalry, and I have sent to you Colonel to surrender myself prisoner of war." He bowed and replied, "I cannot receive you as such, madam, we do not make war on women, and do not recognize them as parties to this contest. I shall be happy to afford you every protection in my power, but as to taking you prisoner, I can't think of that." After insisting upon it awhile, she at last became convinced that Southern officers would not disgrace themselves by arresting women, and he sent an officer to escort her to a private house, where the wife of the Major of the Fifth New York was staying, who also desired to surrender.

When the town was thoroughly in possession of a provost guard, the Colonel turned over the prisoners and property to him and marched into camp four miles from town, where we had camped the year before, the third day out from Harper's Ferry.

The amount of plunder accumulated by the regiment was indiscriminate. Bran new officers' uniforms, sashes, swords, boots, coats of mail, india-rubber blankets, coats and boots, oranges, lemons, figs, dates, oysters, lobsters, sardines, pickles, preserves, cheese, cake, the finest brandies, wines and liquors, the choicest hams and dried meats and sausages, all the contents of a large city clothing establishment, and miscellaneous grocery and confectionary.

In a day or two we moved to Martinsburg, whither General Steuart had gone with the cavalry, and from thence to Charlestown, reaching there Thursday, May 29th. The next morning we were ordered up towards Halltown and Harper's Ferry. Arriving on the crest of hills south of Bolivar, we found the enemy in force on the Bolivar Heights. General Steuart ordered Colonel Johnson to drive them off, but, as he was about attacking on the flank, the order was countermanded by a courier from General Jackson. Sometime afterwards Colonel Johnson took some volunteers from Company H, and drove in their skirmishers, and following that up, got possession of the Heights and their camps. Here booty in the greatest profusion was scattered about, fine muskets and rifles, axes, cooking utensils, tin plates and cups, &c. But before it could be secured and taken off, while their position was being recon-

noitered, they opened a brisk fire from a 12-pound battery by Barbour's house, down in the village of Harper's Ferry, and it being thought inexpedient to answer them with artillery, we were obliged to fall back behind the crest of hills. At dark we returned to our camp, two miles and a half from Charlestown.

During the night General Jackson received information from General Johnston at Richmond, that a column from McDowell, at Fredericksburg, under Shields, was pressing up from Culpeper by Front Royal to cut him off. Just before, he had received information that Fremont had left Moorefield in Hardy and was marching on Strasburg. In an instant the concert of action between the two Federal Generals became apparent. With Shields at Front Royal the Luray Valley was closed to him. With Fremont at Strasburg the Valley Pike was shut, and with it his only other sure road of retreat, and these two being only eighteen miles apart supported each other. But the Federal plan was not comprehensive enough. Even had Fremont and Shields joined so as to have put Jackson's fighting through them out of the question, he would have fought them together for awhile to save his train and then suddenly wheeling to the right have crossed into Western Virginia and have beaten them to Harrisonburg by way of Hardy and Franklin.

THE RACE UP THE VALLEY.

On Saturday morning, May 31st, the regiment found itself at sunrise in camp trying to get something to eat. Everyone had marched but it had received no orders. Before the men had been fed, an orderly came from General Charles Winder, looking up some one when we found we were behind everything. In three minutes we had fallen in packed up and started. At Charlestown, we struck some stragglers from the Stonewall Brigade, which we found was just in front, and on Colonel Johnson's reporting to General Winder for orders, he directed him to take charge of the rear guard, sending his train ahead. At the same time General Winder communicated to him General Jackson's instructions, to wit: that if Fremont was pressing toward Winchester, General Jackson would endeavor to hold it to let us get through, but if he could not do so, *we must march round it in the night*. Without being aware of the particulars, but with a general understanding that we were in a tight place, we struck off for Winchester. We marched through there just after dark, and at ten o'clock lay down on the roadside in a drizzly rain seven miles south of the town, after a march

since sunrise of thirty-three and a half miles and *no rations*. Next morning the Colonel procured us a barrel of crackers, and off we started again, still as rear guard. A short time after noon a perceptible movement among the stragglers who lined the road in front indicated something unusual. It soon became known, as we approached Middletown, that Shields had driven in our pickets three miles east of the town, and that Fremont's advance was coming rapidly, a short distance on the west of it. We had a column of limping stragglers, two miles long, to force through the opening between the two Federal armies. As we pressed on artillery opened sharply on our right, showing that Jackson had grappled Fremont. Then the rattle of musketry indicated that he was closing with him, and we in the rear were prepared at any instant to fight Shields's cavalry. Through Middletown we went, and reaching Cedar Creek, halted to allow stragglers to close up before burning the bridge, as Winder had ordered. In this halt we lost an hour, but in the meantime got up at least a thousand men, whose halting steps were accelerated by the sound of Fremont's artillery on our right, and the sputter of Shields's skirmishers to the left. Thence we marched through Strasburg to Fisher's Hill, where we hoped to stay for the night, knowing that Fremont had been sharply checked, and we had our faces to the combined armies, and our backs to a sure retreat. But we had no such good fortune. The Colonel had succeeded in saving a barrel of whiskey from the Winchester plunder, and a stiff drink was served out to each man. We then marched to Mount Jackson that night. The next day—though relieved as rear guard—Ashby, who had just been made a General, asked Colonel Johnson to protect a battery with which he was driving back Fremont's pursuit at Rood's Hill, and another place after this. As we were marching through Woodstock squads of cavalry commenced hurrying by us—some jumped their horses over fences, and some pushed down gates in their hurry to get forward and away from the rear. It was not until a young officer rode up and vainly commanded and implored them to rally, that the truth flashed out they were stampeded and running.

Instantly the Colonel cried out, "File left—march! Front, charge those men and drive them back." The men went at it with a yell, and belabored men and horses so thoroughly with rifle-barrel and butt, that they stopped the running by them. Few, however, went back. It was not until next day they rallied, and a few days after retrieved their disgrace in a fight with Sir Percy Wyndham.

THE FIGHT WITH THE BUCKTAILS.

On the evening of the 5th of June we arrived early at Harrisonburg, and leaving the Valley road turned to the left and went into camp. For the last two days we had been marching leisurely along closing up stragglers, and feeding the horses and men pretty well with the provisions the country afforded. Fremont had been very pertinacious, and was continually on our rear. From Strasburg up, the artillery—either of the pursuer or pursued—sounded continually in our ears from day-light until dark. But as we diminished our pace he slackened his, and indicated that though eager to strike a flying foe, he was not so well prepared to fight one which faced him. Since leaving New Market, such had been our attitude, willingness to fight him whenever the position suited us. On Friday morning, June 6th, we marched late. General Steuart had been relieved of his cavalry command and returned to the "Maryland line," consisting of the regiment, the Baltimore Light Artillery, Captain Brockenbrough, and Captain Brown's cavalry company, which had joined us just after the fight at Winchester. He had also assigned to him the Fifty-eighth, Forty-fourth, and two other Virginia regiments.

That morning being the rear-guard we were late starting, and delayed by the enormous trains which were carrying off the plunder of the expedition, by the afternoon we had not marched more than three miles. The head of this column was then at Fort Republic, five miles distant, where a bridge spans the Shenandoah. While the cavalry under Ashby had dismounted, during one of those numerous halts, which render the movement of a long column so tiresome, a regiment of Yankee cavalry suddenly dashed through them. Quick as the Yankees were, however, they were not quick enough for Ashby, who instantly formed and charged, routing them totally, and capturing prisoners and horses.

Among his prizes was Sir Percy Wyndham—an itinerant Englishman—a soldier of fortune, who though without rank or position at home, had served in the Italian campaign of Garibaldi, and was a man of gallantry and courage. He was eagerly caught up by the Lincoln Government, when personal courage and dash were at a premium, made Colonel of cavalry, and sent off to the Valley to meet Ashby. His only interview with the Virginia Cavalier was when he was riding bareheaded behind one of Ashby's troopers—a prisoner. He expressed profound disgust at the arrant cowardice of his men, to which he at-

tributed his whole disaster. As soon as Ashby chased the remnants of the Yankees back he returned, and reported to General Ewell that he had discovered an infantry force coming rapidly on us, and showed him that by a quick detour through the woods he could strike them in flank. Ewell, delighted at the prospect, ordered Steuart's command back at once. The regiment in the order of march in the morning had been last. In thus reversing the direction it should have been first, but having been placed to support a battery, two Virginia regiments got ahead of us. The Colonel however soon managed to cut in and got up next to the Fifty-eighth Virginia. Ewell and Ashby rode at the head of the column—the latter explaining to the former the nature of the ground, the position of the roads, and the direction of the enemy. Though too far off to hear what he said, his dark face was lit up in a blaze of enthusiasm, and his eloquent gesticulation indicated his meaning as intelligibly as words. "Look at Ashby," said the Colonel to the Adjutant, "see how happy he is!" In a few moments we entered a thick wood, then changed direction in line of battle. Companies D and G of the regiment out as skirmishers under Ashby's immediate command. Moving cautiously along, in the quiet woods, every sound was exaggerated in the stillness, and at last without a moment's warning the Fifty-eighth gave way and ran back. "Steady there men, steady First Maryland," shouted our Colonel as pistol in hand he headed the broken mass. "Form behind there!" pointing to our solid ranks. The panic was only momentary, one of those strange accidents which occur in battle, and almost immediately the Fifty-eighth re-formed and went on. In a minute the sputter of the skirmishers was heard immediately followed by the volley of the Fifty-eighth. "Charge, Colonel," cried General Ewell, who was just by us—"charge men," said Colonel Johnson, and down the hill we went with a cheer, in a run. But we found no enemy. The fire on our right was excessive—we were made to lie down, but balls began exploding and smacking among the men on the rocks. "Those Virginians are killing our men." Off galloped General Ewell and the Colonel, both to stop the firing, but directly returned finding out they were Yankee bullets. "I see one, Colonel can I kill him," cried Southoron of Company H. Assent was given, and he pulled away, but his cap snapped. Coolly putting on another he fired. "There I've killed *you*," said he. "Let us charge them, let us charge them, Colonel," came from several. "Very well," said he. "Up men, forward, file right, march"—and as soon as the colors came into line, "By the right flank *charge!!!*" in a voice that could be heard far

above the crash of small arms. The right companies and colors went in on a run, the left companies catching up, they closed with the Buck-tails, who were strongly posted behind a worm fence full of undergrowth and briars, and drove them out, and as they ran across the open field, poured a most deadly fire into them, which melted them away like frost before the sun.

We afterwards heard that of over 200 Bucktails who went into that fight only fifty came out. After driving them off, a brigade of infantry was seen a short distance off, and a six-gun battery of brass pieces with an apparently large force of cavalry. They had had enough though for the evening, and it only being General Ewell's instruction to check Fremont sharply, he retired. The fight, short as it was, had cost us dearly. Ashby's horse fell at the first fire, immediately jumping to his feet, he half turned round to the Fifty-eighth, in front of whose second company he was brandishing his right hand with his pistol, ordering them to charge. The confusion was such that they did not obey him, and he fell, a ball entering his right side just above his hip, and passing diagonally upward, came out under his left arm, showing that the ball was fired by some one lying down. Though in front of the Fifty-eighth, he was not more than thirty yards from the enemy, who were lying flat behind the fence. The opinion of Lieutenant Booth, who saw him fall and was closer to him than anyone, is that a shot from the Yankees killed him. We lost Captain Michael S. Robertson, Company I, killed instantly; as he fell, he said, "Go on, boys, don't mind me." He was a native and resident of Charles county, one of our oldest families—wealthy and highly educated. At the same time fell Lieutenant Nicholas Snowden, Company D, from Prince George of that well known family. At the time of the Baltimore outbreak he commanded a cavalry company, which he immediately put under arms until, like so many others, he found Hicks had betrayed the State, and he came to Virginia. No braver, or more gallant gentlemen than these have died for Southern Independance. With them fell six or eight more dead, Color-Sergeant Doyle was shot down, Color-Corporal Taylor caught the colors, but soon went down, the next Corporal to him caught them, but instantly falling, Corporal Shanks, Company H, seized them, lifting them arms length above his head, carried them safely through the fight.

Colonel Johnson had been that afternoon to see General Jackson, and was in full uniform, rather an unusual sight in that army where few officers wore any sign of rank. As the regiment charged, his horse was shot in the shoulder; then directly received in his forehead a ball,

intended for his rider, and as he fell, another in the pommel of the saddle. His uniform doubtless procured him these compliments, as he was not more than thirty yards from the Bucktails. Captain Nicholas, Company "G," found Lieutenant-Colonel Kane, their commander, sitting on a stump with a broken leg, who invoked the Captain to shoot the cowardly hounds who had run off and left him. Although this fight was quickly over, it was one of the bloodiest of the war, considering the time and number engaged. Our loss was about one hundred killed and wounded, and that of the enemy probably one hundred and fifty in all, including prisoners, of whom there were very few. Dr. Johnson, the surgeon of the First Maryland, the next morning had Lieutenant Snowden buried near the Harrisonburg road, and his company buried Captain Robertson in Union church-yard by the brick wall opposite the gate—the first church on the road from Harrisonburg to Port Republic. Feelings of sorrow at the loss of so many friends strongly impressed us all, and Saturday was quietly spent in taking position and going into camp near the Shenandoah. General Jackson had the day before directed the Colonel to pick out a good camp and recruit his men. "Drill them four hours a day," said he. Friday evening we had one drill, which has just been described. Fate had reserved such another in store for us.

THE BATTLE OF CROSS-KEYS.

On Sunday morning Fremont began to press us from Harrisonburg. Early that morning a body of cavalry and two pieces of artillery had dashed into Port Republic, capturing a number of persons, and nearly capturing Jackson who was there. They were Shields's advance. While Fremont had followed us up the Valley road, Shields had pushed up the Luray Valley, intending to cut off Jackson from the numerous passes, by which alone he could *escape* into the Piedmont country, and in the Upper Valley unite with Fremont and capture his whole force.

Their campaign now approached the crisis. They had driven him back into a corner, with the river and only one bridge at his back—Shields ready to hold that, and Fremont with 30,000 in his front—never appeared more certain to combining Generals the success of their strategy. The quickness and genius of Jackson overmatched them. Escaping from the Federals in Port Republic by hard riding, he swiftly galloped over the bridge *in front of their cavalry and artillery*, put a battery in position so quickly, and opened such a prodigious fire on them, that they *withdrew without burning the bridge*.

Our whole train, ammunition and all was then on their side of the river. While this was done he directed General Charles Winder, and the Stonewall Brigade, to hold the bridge and town, from the high hills on the Cross-Keys side of the river, while Ewell was to turn on Fremont. Going up the road some miles we met General Ewell, who said to the Colonel, "Colonel, you must fix a Bucktail to your colors to-day in honor of the gallantry of your regiment day before yesterday." So the Bucktail was tied at the end of the lance, and some days after, when we all had leisure, the General issued the following order:

[General Order No. 30.]

HEAD-QUARTERS EWELL'S DIVISION,
June 12th, 1862.

In commendation of the gallant conduct of the First Maryland regiment on the 6th June inst., when led by Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, they drove back with loss the Pennsylvania Bucktail Rifles, in the engagement near Harrisonburg, Rockingham county, Virginia, authority is given to have one of the captured "Bucktails," (the insignia of the Federal regiment,) appended to the color staff of the First Maryland regiment.

By command Major-General Ewell,

JAMES BARBOUR,
Acting-Adjutant General.

The regiment was justly proud of this compliment from a soldier esteemed by the army as second to none, and in their affection the first of all. They marched gaily into action that morning, proud of their diminished ranks, which told the story of their deeds, and the trophy on their colors which showed them their General's approval.

General Elzey had on that morning been in rear and selected a good position. When General Ewell came up he was so pleased that he made no attempt to change it. He placed Trimble in the centre, Elzey on the right, Steuart on the left, the First Maryland only being thrown forward, until later when some Virginia regiments were posted to cover our left flank, and towards the middle of the day Taylor came up and acted as reserve. The Baltimore battery and another posted on a hill in the centre of the line between Trimble and the First Maryland, opened on Fremont's force, which could be seen advancing in columns of companies over the open ground in our front. We held a hill with a steep slope toward the enemy; at the bottom was a creek

and worm fence, in front a meadow, then a wheat field. The enemy moved up a battery and showered canister among us. We were ordered to lie down, and companies A and G deployed below the edge of the hill as skirmishers. Very soon they sent word that the enemy were coming. Getting to our feet and moving forward, we could see them about four hundred yards off, marching battalion front, in quick time, towards their fate in the woods. "Give them a fire by company," said the Colonel, and off the companies went as regular as clock work. The first round cleared them out. In a short time another regiment attempted to get on our right and charge our battery, but a short and sharp struggle drove them off. Then one came through the wheat field, their movements covered to some extent by the growing grain, and taking shelter behind a fence three hundred yards off, poured into us a most incessant rain of balls for an hour. We were pretty well covered, however, and held our ground until at last we drove them off, leaving a number of dead there. They were particularly pertinacious, being the Garibaldi Guards, a New York regiment of Blenker's command, all Germans. Later in the day another attempt was made to dislodge us in vain. By 5 o'clock, or half-past 5, the cartridges were exhausted and the guns foul and hot. The fire of the men was deliberate and deadly, but a great many had fired more than forty rounds, having taken the cartridges from the dead and wounded. Colonel Johnson reported the fact to General Ewell. The General said, "Why, Colonel, you have whipped three regiments without moving an inch." "Yes," said he, and offered to stay without ammunition or bayonets, confident that the men could hold the position, but it being almost sundown, the General ordered him to the rear to clean up and refit.

As we marched off, some regiment cried out, "Maryland, you ain't going that way." But the boys only cheered and trudged on, they were too well pleased with themselves to be offended at any one's mistakes. We bivouaced that night at our old camp. General Steuart was wounded, and the command of the line devolved on Colonel Johnson. Our loss here was severe, sixteen per cent. of the force engaged. Colonel Johnson lost another officer, Lieutenant Bean having been shot through the foot. "See, I've got it, Colonel," said the Lieutenant as he showed his foot as he was carried off by two of his men. The term of his company was to expire on the 15th—just a week off—and he was delighted at having so honorable a testimonial. All of its officers had been now killed or wounded, except Lieutenant Diggs, who took command. It was the best fight we have made. Our force engaged actually

was not 4,500 men, while Fremont claimed to have had over 30,000. He displayed less Generalship and his men and officers less spirit than have been ever exhibited by them. We claimed this a Maryland fight, all the Brigadiers commanding, Elzey, Trimble and Steuart being Marylanders, and Ewell being more than half one.

Who Burnt Columbia?**TESTIMONY OF A CONFEDERATE CAVALRYMAN.**

By E. L. WELLES, of Charleston, S. C.

[We have already published conclusive testimony, fixing the responsibility of this outrage on the laws of civilized warfare; but we propose to add to it from time to time and to hand down the perpetrators of the deed to deserved infamy.

The following interesting reminiscence of an eye witness is a strong incidental proof that Sherman's troops and Sherman himself were the responsible parties.]

Columbia, S. C., was burnt on the night of February 17th, 1865, during the occupation by Sherman's army, and while that General was in the town. I do not suppose any candid mind informed of the evidence, circumstantial and direct, oral and documentary, doubts where the responsibility for the crime lies. Still it does no harm to have cumulative evidence on so interesting a subject. What I have to relate proves, I think, that General Sherman found no fire in the city, when his troops entered, and that he was in entire and undisputed possession for hours before the conflagration. From this it follows that the burning could have been done by no one else, and therefore must have been done by him. It would be agreeable to find some other solution, for, as General Sherman now holds an official position, he is, according to the principle of representative government, our servant, and one, therefore, naturally is very loth to believe against him even the testimony of one's own eyes. A few months since I noticed a most remarkable plea in his favor advanced by "*The Nation*," a respectable and ably conducted newspaper published in New York. The editor generally strives to bear himself fairly towards his opponents in argument, though not always in a style entirely free from flippancy or self-righteousness. The idea expressed was, in substance, that *because* General Sherman holds a high rank in official circles, *therefore* any statements made by him about matters concerning him-

self and others were to be accepted as conclusive, and that it was "very bad form" to listen to evidence to the contrary from any one, even from one claiming to be suffering under an unjust charge. In other words, the testimony of the prisoner at the bar in his own favor proves incontestably his innocence. Rather than adopt such an absurd view as this, I would prefer to endeavor to become more credulous about the psychological influence of names than Tristram Shandy's father, and then one might believe that General Sherman has been borne down to savagery by the weight of his Indian name, without involving his own moral responsibility. I have ample hereditary cause to know something of the Indian mode of warfare, and had abundant personal opportunities after the retreat from Columbia to study General Sherman's style. I must confess that the family resemblance between the two is startling.

In the latter part of the month of December, 1864, the cavalry division in which I was serving as a private, was in winter quarters near Petersburg, Virginia. The campaign, which was, I believe, the bloodiest of the war, had not been long ended.

Our division, consisting of two brigades, each composed of three regiments, had come to Virginia from the South early in the spring with full ranks and in excellent condition. Now, our numbers did not much exceed those of one ordinary regiment of the maximum numerical strength. Thus had our division been boiled down in the devil's cauldron of war to a very small residuum.

At the time of which I am speaking we were doing picket duty a few miles from camp, and were suffering a good deal from cold, so that we all thought it a great nuisance. We were very much pleased therefore to hear the news that we were under marching orders for Columbia, S. C., then threatened by Sherman. Any change is agreeable to soldiers in winter quarters, whose only variation from the dull monotony of camp life is picketing. Moreover square meals were to us pioneers of the Tanner system, a recollection of the dim, and shadowy past, while we regarded ourselves as being about to go to a land comparatively overflowing with milk and honey. Our joy, however, was not entirely unalloyed by regrets at leaving, for we had great pride in the army of which we were a part, and in the fame of our incomparable chieftain; and the soil itself was endeared to us by kindnesses received from its self-sacrificing people, and by the bones of our many comrades reposing in it.

We soon found ourselves in front of Columbia awaiting the approach of the enemy. General Hampton, who had until then commanded all

the cavalry in the Army of Northern Virginia, had come to take command of the cavalry rendezvoused at Columbia. He had at about this time been appointed a Lieutenant-General; there were, if I mistake not, but two other Lieutenant-Generals of cavalry in the Confederate service, Generals Forrest and Wheeler. Of all the officers of this grade in the army, my impression is, only two attained the rank who had not received a technical military education, and these were Generals Hampton and Forrest, both of the cavalry. It is needless to attempt a description of the distinguished soldier and statesman Hampton, whose brilliant services in war, and his exalted wisdom in peace, which resulted in the liberation of his State from bondage, have made his name known and honoured by the English-speaking race everywhere.

Besides our division, there was in front of Columbia but a very slender force of cavalry, consisting mainly of fractions of regiments from the West, in a more or less demoralized condition, some of whom proved more of a nuisance to the friends than a terror to their enemies. The consolidation of our command with the garrisons of Charleston, Savannah, and some other places, took place after the retreat from Columbia.

The importance of holding Columbia did not arise from its strategical value, for it possessed very little of this for friend or foe. It was protected by no fortifications, nor was there military stores there of any practical importance. It was for these reasons deemed not impossible that Sherman would not come in force against the place, as no military reasons existed for his doing so, and that if a feeble demonstration were made against it, we might be able to frustrate it.

As the capture of the city was needless strategically, it follows that its subsequent destruction was without a vestige of justification or excuse.

The desire of our commander to keep the town intact from the enemy doubtless did not proceed so much from his instincts as a soldier, as from his feelings as a man. This place had been for several years an asylum of refuge for the homeless, not only from its own State, but also measurably from all parts of the Confederacy. Being far from the coast, and remote from where the tragedy of war had hitherto been enacted, and food being accessible, it was supposed to be a safe retreat for the impoverished, weary wanderers from once happy homes. Thither had fled from the advance of the invader, and too frequently from his torch, enfeebled, gray-haired men, bowed down under the weight of years and misfortunes, tenderly-nurtured women, ill able to withstand the buffets of adversity, gentle maidens in the first bloom of loveliness, and innocent little children, crying aloud to God for bread

in the agony of hunger. These poor beings had painfully struggled to this narrow strip of dry land in their deluge of ruin, and now wet, exhausted and shivering, were still bearing themselves with fortitude in their forlorn plight. Hard must have been his heart who could push them back into the cruel waters. I do not envy that man, "despite his titles, power and pelf" who could find it in his nature to withhold from them pity and respect.

These refugees had brought with them whatever trifling remnant of their lost fortunes or mementoes of their loved homes they could manage to save from the wreck—jewelry, silver, pictures, and other heirlooms, silk dresses, valuable shawls and lace; in short, whatever had been saved and could be sold were disposed of to Jews and blockade-runners' agents, and the pittance thus realized sufficed to keep away actual starvation. Every house was packed to overflowing with occupants. To save these poor non-combatants from pillage (for no one, or very few, apprehended the utter destruction *which it is since known was then deliberately planned,*) it was determined to hold our ground as stoutly as possible against any attack that might be made. We were not kept long waiting, for soon some of the advancing columns of Sherman's army, with the remaining ones in supporting distance, were encountered. I am unable to give an accurate, technical account of the military operations, and therefore shall not make the attempt. I would say, however, that some rather tall fighting, in a smallish sort of way, took place, and that we made it as hot for them as our limited numbers would admit of. When did troops, who had had the proud honor of being a part of the army of Northern Virginia, ever fail to do their duty gaily when the grand thunder of battle pealed? When our beloved Lieutenant-General put himself at our head, his manly form dilated with enthusiasm, and his eyes flashing, and called, "Troops from Virginia, follow me!" I almost *believe* our horses would have charged riderless, and I *know* that his cavaliers would then as *now*, and *always*, follow him for life or for death. Soon, however, it became apparent that in spite of all efforts we could not for long withstand the overwhelming numbers against us. We checked them for a time, but retreat was unavoidable unless reinforcements could be sent us, which was impracticable. Oh! it was sad and humiliating for strong men to know that they must turn their backs upon the city and leave its helpless population to their fate, though the terrible doom awaiting them was not imagined. Our intrepid leader had blown in vain his last bugle-blast for the sorely needed succorers; he was forced to submit reluctantly to the inevitable.

The retreat from Columbia was decided on, and to our brigade was assigned the position of rear guard. Our gallant, and brilliant division commander, General Butler, personally superintended our operations, which were necessarily of a delicate nature. The retreat is sometimes termed an evacuation, but I should suppose, incorrectly so, as the place was unfortified, and no troops had been operated from, or quartered in it; they had simply been manœuvered in its neighborhood, not from it, and had merely passed through its streets in retreating, when it was necessary to do so. Only non-combatants had occupied the city. The final withdrawal took place on February 17th, but on the previous day, or during the night all troops had been brought across the river. It was on this day or the previous day, I think, that Sherman shelled this city of women and children without the slightest military or moral justification or excuse, and without the smallest chance, or purpose of injuring any one but non-combatants. I happened to witness the scene, as I had been dispatched through the town with an order. The new State-house, then incomplete, but an imposing structure, was being used as a target apparently, for the shells were striking about that neighborhood to the infinite peril of many whose sex or tender years should have proved a secure ægis from violence.

On the morning of the retreat, our brigade, which, as already mentioned, was the last body of Confederate troops to leave the town, marched out at an early hour. At some distance behind the main body followed a small detachment of ten or twelve men, which halted just outside of the town and took up a position on the crest of a hill beyond the Charlotte depot, over-looking the city. I was one of that detachment. The object of thus posting us, was, I suppose, to observe the enemy and to prevent the rear guard from being surprised. This body was, at the time, covering the retreat of a portion of our wagon-train, and would have been obliged, if necessary, to skirmish for its protection, but this would have occurred at some little distance from the town. From the lower level of the streets our appearance must have been that of the front of a column of some size, and not merely a handful of men which would discourage small detachments from ascending the hill to molest us, and was, no doubt, so intended. We had been strictly ordered to fire no shots under any circumstances, relying upon our sabres alone, as no excuse was to be given to the enemy for inaugurating violence in the streets. Below this little eminence stretched out the city, plainly to be seen from where we were. The road which we occupied ran at right angles to the street down which Sherman's column entered, and, before long, we saw the line of blue pouring steadily like a river

towards the other end of the town. It was a very impressive spectacle, and I am not likely to forget it, while I live. For the information of my many worthy friends in the militia, I would say, that their sweetly-pretty parades do not at all remind me of the scene then before me. Up to this time there had been no fires in the town except an accidental one in some military stores kept at a railroad depot, which did no damage elsewhere, and which is admitted to have had no connection whatever with the subsequent conflagration at night. On this hill I remained for several hours, and in the meantime the city had been completely and peacefully occupied by Sherman's forces. At one time a few infantry skirmishers had been thrown out towards us, and some harmless bullets from long range had whirled over our heads, but we did not return the fire, which soon ceased and was not renewed. It will be understood that being then a private, I have no memoranda written at the time, and that I would not usually take any special note of hours of the day, or even of dates. I am unable, therefore, to state the hour at which Sherman's entry began, or the number of hours during which our occupancy of the hill lasted. The facts which I relate, however, prove, it seems to me, the entire and undisputed occupation of the city by Sherman before any fires were visible. *That* is the vital point which, once admitted, makes it undeniable that the place was burnt with his responsibility. Undisturbed on an elevation, and watching with a keen and intense interest, which has photographed the scene forever in my memory, how could I have failed to notice the very thing that would have soonest challenged eager attention, a fire? General Sherman unconsciously corroborates the fact of our being on the hill referred to, and, I think, states the hour at which he saw us, either in his "Book," or in some of his published letters on the subject. He mentions that after the occupation had been some time completed he was riding towards the Charlotte depot, but was advised not to do so by some of his men, as "rebel videttes" were visible on the hill beyond, as he himself saw. Such, unless my memory deceives me, is the substance of his statement.

I am able to remember at what stage of the retreat General Hampton left the city, by the following incident. Shortly before we had taken up our position on the little hill, which I have been alluding to, and when we were quite near it, I had obtained permission from my commanding officer to return to the town for a few minutes, and had dashed back accordingly, as fast as spurs liberally applied could take me. As I turned a corner with furious speed I suddenly found myself confronted by a small column of horsemen, coming on a walk from an

opposite direction, into which I was madly charging. I made a strenuous effort to check my mare, but she was a hard-mouthed brute, the villainous curbchain snapped, and a very serious collision was only prevented by the dexterity of the leader of the band. You may faintly imagine my amazement and discomfiture, when that leader proved to be General Hampton, followed by his staff and couriers. Thus was I very near performing a feat never yet achieved by mortal man, single-handed, unhorsing that peerless knight. I explained my strange proceeding, feeling very foolish about it, but was dismissed on my errand with a kindly smile, and a wave of the hand, as the General rode out of the town.

It will be necessary for me to explain why I had returned to the city where there were no Confederate troops to whom I could have been sent to carry dispatches from my officers. I must confess that the cause was no more and no less than the recollection of the whereabouts of a few dozen of Madeira. It is a refining wine, one inspiring noble impulses, and therefore no true cavalier would hesitate to run the risk of a few vulgar bullets for the sake of its delicious perfume. It is altogether different from whiskey, which, it is said, will make a man steal. Apropos of that, Sherman's regiments were chiefly recruited where whiskey is the *vin du pays*. My earnestness in my mission will, at all events, not be doubted when it is remembered that Confederate cavalymen furnished their own mounts, and when I mention, that I bestrode a war-horse worth \$3,000, whose valuable life I was thus risking. This sounds well, suggestive of the resplendent days of chivalry, but lest it should be thought that my prowess in drawing the long bow is greater than my skill with other weapons, I will be obliged to say, that the said \$3,000 thus invested were the proceeds of only twenty pounds sterling (about the equivalent of \$100 gold), part of a remittance which I found awaiting me on my arrival at Columbia. This amount was exchanged for me into Confederate money by a benevolent trader, with a generosity worthy of a descendant of some of the stowaways by the "Mayflower," as I afterwards discovered that he had not "shaved" me to a much greater extent than twenty-five per cent.

Besides the quest for wine I had another, and perhaps a better, reason for my private raid. A lady of my acquaintance in the city, a refugee, had a small store of rare wine, which had been saved in some way from the general wreck of her home, and it was almost the only article of value saved. It was possible by selling some of this from time to time (blockade-runners' agents the purchasers) to procure necessary food. This was not the only use made of the slender supply however, as many a sorely wounded soldier could with gratitude attest.

This kind lady was so unduly complimentary as to suppose that I would know beforehand if a retreat was decided on, and could therefore furnish her timely warning. Of course this was a mistake, as I was only a private, but still I had been asked to bring her the desired information, and had promised to do my best. The precious wine would have to be destroyed when it became certain we were to leave the city behind us, for then the wary traders would no longer purchase it, and if seized by the enemy on his entry it might contribute to produce drunken excesses. I had not known absolutely that we were to retreat until the night before—up to that time still hoping that reinforcements would render this unnecessary, and since that time it had been absolutely impossible for me to leave ranks. This, therefore, had had been the first opportunity for fulfilling my promise.

Pouring the fragrant contents of the bottles on the ungrateful ground was a very disagreeable libation to witness, so I lessened it as much as possible by putting as many as I could manage in my overcoat pockets and saddle holsters, and fastening others to my saddle-tree by straps. I do not suppose one horse and man every carried so many bottles before. Meanwhile time was flying, and so must I be, unless desirous of testing the penetration of the enemy's rifles, or the cheer that he furnished to his uninvited guests. So I had to mount in hot haste and away in my loaded down condition, not cutting as graceful a figure I fear as romantic young Lochinvar, judging from the difficultly suppressed mirth of the ladies, but more resembling doubtless the worthy Gilpin, though more fortunate than he. I got my bottles through unbroken. Not that it was any laughing matter for the poor ladies, for they were losing almost their last resource, but "'tis better to laugh than to cry" says the proverb, and it is certainly more becoming to the sex, even charming in spite of being blockaded from the fashions and fabrics of Werth. Not knowing how soon I might make the sociable acquaintance of some of Sherman's men, I made all possible speed in returning to my command, keeping a sharp lookout at every street I crossed, expecting momentarily to hear "the still small voice" not of conscience, but a minnie bullet.

When I reached the hill, where my detachment was posted, the advance guard of the enemy was already in the town. In passing through the streets I had seen no one except an anxious female face at an upper window occasionally, and a few drunken negroes where the commissary stores had been. I saw no Confederate cavalrymen or stragglers, and no fires, and cannot believe that I could have failed to see them, if they had existed, for one's eyesight becomes almost preternaturally sharpened under such circumstances.

At a late hour in the day our little detachment was withdrawn from the hill; we halted that night seven or eight miles from the town. As three of the regiments in our division had been raised in South Carolina, of course very many of the officers and men were leaving behind them in Columbia, near and dear relatives of the tender sex. As we retreated through the streets that morning we had encountered from many a window sad pleading looks and tearful eyes. For any one with a spark of manhood in his composition to leave under such circumstances was a hard trial, but to those thus compulsorily deserting their families it was painful in the extreme. At first the greatest anxiety was felt as to how the entering army would behave, but after we had seen it for several hours in peaceful possession, the worst danger was supposed to be over, and the poor dejected fellows cheered up a little. By night, from a reaction of feeling, the men were quite bright and jolly. Chatting and smoking over the camp fires we all came to the conclusion that the devil was not so black as he was painted after all. My mess discussed the Madeira which I had brought with great satisfaction, the wine shaken into such a muddy condition, as to be unrecognizable, and drunk from tin cups. Oh! outraged Bacchus! Soon the men were all peacefully sleeping on that soil for whose freedom they were struggling, all dangers and anxieties for the time forgotten, but they were booted and dressed ready to mount at a moment's notice. A chilly wintry night was succeeded by a gloomy leaden gray dawn. As the cavalrymen aroused themselves a strange sight met their half-blinded eyes. Great clouds of heavy black smoke were drifting through the camp, and their horses in alarm were straining uneasily at their halters. At first it was supposed, that the woods in the neighborhood were on fire, but investigation soon proved that this was not the cause. Then the solution of the phenomenon broke upon the men in a horrible revelation; *it was the smoke from burnt Columbia*. Heart-rending and baffling description was the scene then witnessed. The poor fellows realized that thousands of women and children, among them their nearest and dearest, were crouching, roofless and foodless, in the pitiless winter air, or had met a worse fate. Groans were extorted from strong men, and tears wet the cheeks of grim veterans. The scene is too painful to recall and the theme too sickening to pursue further.

Such had been the fate of Columbia. A deed had been consummated shocking to the public conscience of christendom, unparalleled since the savage red man had raged in unchecked violence through our primeval forests.

Some months afterwards I was on my way to the Trans-Mississippi department, the Army of Northern Virginia, hitherto the invincible guardian of liberty, had fallen, the lion's heart at length pierced by the brute force of overwhelming numbers, those rifles were silent whose glorious echos will forever live to awaken a response in the breasts of brave men. Organized resistance everywhere in the East was known to have ceased, but it was rumored that the debris of our armies would still rally round the Southern Cross beyond the "Father of Waters." This proved to be incorrect, but at that time I had no means of being better informed, as the usual modes by which news is circulated, the mails and the telegraph, had been for a long time suspended. I was unparoled, still having the right to bear my humble but undisgraced weapons—a wanderer, but not a fugitive from our scattered armies. It was necessary for me to pass through Columbia, in order to continue my journey, and I supposed it would be impracticable to do so, except secretly by night. It was midnight, my poor jaded beast and I, both equally fatigued, hungry and forlorn, plodded on our lonely way through the deserted streets of once beautiful Columbia. There was no light, except that of the moon shining dimly overhead, which served to reveal by its cold, sombre rays the sepulchral scene. Not a sound but the solemn echoes of my horse's hoofs broke the profound silence. Around me was a city of the dead, a sea of ashes, out of which loomed up from ghostly ruins hundreds of blackened chimneys. Never until then did I fully realize the extent and thoroughness of the destruction and the boundless misery which must have been the result. God forbid that the skeleton in the national closet should be needlessly dragged to light, but, remember, the burning of Columbia has been charged upon Hampton's cavalry by General Sherman.

Surely it is permissible for one to deny the commission of the crime who, though himself but an insignificant drop in the ocean of war, still takes a soldier's pride in the fair fame of his old command, whose honor he holds as sacred as his own. As justly might the right of denial be withheld from Mr. Conkling if charged with Mr. Garfield's foul murder. History will be written, and the muse must not hold a lying pen. It should be written in the spirit of liberality and charity learned from the divine sermon once delivered from Judea's mountain height, but it should also be written with due regard to Jehovah's injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

Not to the privates or subaltern officers of the corps which burnt Columbia attaches the moral responsibility. A soldier is but a machine which is set in motion or stopped at the will of his superiors.

Sherman's is the guilt, and as far as he *may be* forgiven by his victims—the venerable men, innocent women and helpless babes whom he devoted to destruction—to *that extent* may he find pardon when God's bugle sounds the reveille for the judgment day.

The Battle of the Crater, July 30, 1864.

LETTER FROM COLONEL MCMASTER.

COLUMBIA, S. C., February 25th, 1882.

Mr. Editor,—I have observed reports of the above-named battle published in your Journal very imperfect and erroneous. I commanded Elliott's brigade that day, the line on which was the scene of the battle, and am presumed to know something about it. In justice to the brigade, I have thought of giving you a sketch of the services of the brigade on that occasion, but have been unable to fulfill my desire. The best I can do at present is to give you the following two papers on the subject: First, an extract from a speech made by me before my regiment, Seventeenth South Carolina volunteers, at their reunion at Chester Courthouse, South Carolina, August 13th, 1879. This, of course, lacks detail of other commands, which would add to its value. Second, a full report made me by Major J. C. Coit, who commanded some batteries that day. This will amply repay perusal from its accurate account of the batteries north of the crater, which has never yet been published in your Journal.

Honorable J. C. Coit was invited to attend the reunion of the Seventeenth, and being unable to do so, furnished me this report with permission to publish.

Very respectfully, &c.,

F. W. MCMASTER.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF COLONEL MCMASTER.

I will with some care describe this terrific battle, for it seldom falls to the lot of a regiment to act such a conspicuous part in saving an army. The Seventeenth, with the assistance of a small number of the Twenty-sixth regiment, with the coöperation of Wright's battery, prevented Grant from entering Petersburg that day and capturing the whole of Beauregard's army.

Pegram's salient, where four guns, under Captain Pegram of Richmond, forming part of Major Coit's battalion, was in the centre of

Elliott's brigade. The brigade was arranged in the following order, from left to right—Twenty-sixth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-second and Twenty-third regiments.

Grant had massed 65,000 men opposite this brigade. Beauregard's whole force in the line was only three-and-a-half brigades. The theory of the assault, as stated by General Meade in the Court of Enquiry, held by the Federals soon after, was for General Burnside, with 15,000 men to rush in the opening made by the explosion, and dash over to Cemetery Hill, five hundred or six hundred yards to the rear; this corps to be followed by General Ord with 10,000 men. He states he had 40,000 to 50,000 for the attack of the place, and to rush in the rear of the Confederate lines.

The mine was exploded one-quarter of 5 A. M. 30th July, 1864, with eight thousand pounds of powder. It overwhelmed the battery, the whole of the Eighteenth, three companies of the Twenty-third and part of company A, Seventeenth regiment.

For some minutes there was the utmost consternation among our men. Some scampered out of the lines; some, paralyzed with fear, vaguely scratched at the counter-scarp as if trying to escape. Smoke and dust filled the air. A few minutes afterwards General Ledlie's division began to charge.

This aroused our officers; they began to cheer, and our men bounded on the banquette and commenced firing on the ranks of men who were rushing in without firing a gun. By this time some of the men of the gallant Eighteenth, who extricated themselves from the bank which covered them, came rushing down the trenches, and as many as could picked up guns and began firing. For a considerable time the firing was done entirely by the infantry.

In a few minutes after the explosion Major Coit, who commanded the most effective artillery on our side, came up to see if any of his guns were uninjured.

As soon as he could reach Wright's battery of four guns, in the ravine to the rear of Ransom's brigade, which was at least half an hour after the explosion, he began to fire, and shot six hundred balls into the divisions of Potter, Wilcox and Ferrero, which succeeded Ledlie's division. These guns were the only ones on our lines which, besides enfilading the enemy at close range, could also *fire on the crater and part of our lines.*

Major Gibbs, who had only one gun on the right of the Confederate line capable of enfilading the enemy, began with this gun about one hour after the explosion, and killed many of the enemy. One or two

hours later, Major Gibbes and Major Haskell moved their mortar batteries and dropped a number of balls in the crater and lines.

In fifteen or twenty minutes after the explosion General Elliott came up through the crowded ditch, followed by Colonel Smith of the Twenty-sixth regiment, with a few of his men, and ordered the Twenty-sixth and Seventeenth to form a line on the crest of the hill, and charge the crater. He and a few men gallantly jumped up on the crest of the hill, about fifty yards of the crater, he pointed out the line, and was in less than five minutes shot down and brought back. The command then devolved on your Colonel, who countermanded the order to form on the crest of the hill, which was utterly impracticable, and formed some of the men in the ditches, which went to the rear and commanded some yards in the rear of the crater. Courier after courier was sent to the division commander, and one courier to the regiments on the right of the crater. I ordered Colonel Smith to take his regiment, with three companies of the Seventeenth, under Captain Crawford (which then were larger than the Twenty-sixth regiment) to form in the ravine in the rear of the crater, and cover up the gap, there to lie down and to rise up and fire when necessary, so as to prevent the enemy from rushing down the hill and getting in the rear of our lines. This order was promptly executed, and gave the remainder of the Seventeenth in the main trench more room to use their guns.

The damage done—let the enemy tell. General Meade says the assault came principally from his *right* (our left) of the crater.

The enemy brought guns from all points and threw shells into the crater. General Potter began his movement towards the crest, and was met by another force of the enemy, and was compelled to fall back.

General Potter says: "The next fire I saw came from the right; there was a battery behind some timber, which it was very difficult for our batteries to reach. I ordered my own batteries to turn their whole attention to that one, but they apparently produced no effect."

Many officers testify that repeated assaults were made to secure the crest; some say they saw them make two distinct charges early in the morning, but were repelled by men who rose up in the ravine. One fixes the number of these men at 200, some as high as 500. *These men* who repelled these charges were the Seventeenth and part of the Twenty-Sixth.

The negroes, numbering 4,300 muskets, under General Ferrero, rushed to the mine at 8 o'clock, and one distinct charge, as alleged, occurred soon after. Some of the officers allege their men got 200 yards towards the crest, which was 500 yards to the rear, but this is a clear

mistake. None ever advanced 50 yards beyond, for I watched their efforts with great anxiety up to about 9 o'clock, as I believed the fate of Petersburg depended on it. The officers frequently attempted to urge their men forward, and some would rush across a few yards and then run back. Colonel Smith informed me after the battle, that the enemy made a charge, and upon his men rising and pouring in a volley, they did not make the attempt again. Captain Crawford, who commanded the detachment of the Seventeenth, says, the Federal officers succeeded in getting about 200 men, three different times, outside of the crater, and they never advanced more than 30 yards before his men drove them back.

We saw at one time fourteen beautiful banners waving in the crater and gallant officers, trying to urge their men on in the direction of Cemetery Hill. But all efforts to reach this point, from the rear of the crater, failed by 9 o'clock. And they then attempted to effect their purpose by taking the lines north of the crater, which would secure them a chance to reach the point of their destination, by the ravine which passed through Ransom's lines. This, together with the conformation of the ground necessarily forced the burden of the battle on the Confederate line, north of the crater and in close proximity to it. And especially on Elliott's brigade; the right of Ransom's brigade and the artillery under the command of Major Coit.

The enemy, thus having changed their tactics, would occasionally rush on our right flank—we made barricades to oppose them; then they would run down the front of the line and jump over and were met with the bayonet and clubbed with the musket. Generally they were repelled, occasionally they succeeded and captured some men. Private Hoke, of Company A, was thus cut off, and refused to surrender, and struck down several of the enemy before he was bayoneted. Few battles could show more bayonet wounds than this.

After a severe hand to hand fight, disputing every inch, and losing the gallant Lieutenants Lowry, Pratt, McCorwell, and Captain Dunovant, whose arm was shot off, and many brave men, we were driven down the the hill to Ransom's brigade, which at this time was pouring in an enfilading fire.

The fourth division, in front of the lines of Elliott's brigade, must have numbered 16,000. Besides this, General Turner with 4,000 men charged Ransom's brigade on our left, and was driven back.

At 10 o'clock I was ordered to the brigade head-quarters to see General Bushrod Johnson, our division commander. Sometime after Mahone came up, the Seventeenth under Captain Steele, the ranking

officer present, was turned over to him by order of General Johnson. Mahone's troops were formed in the line already there. It took probably two hours before Mahone's men all came and then a splendid charge was made.

The final charge which captured the works was made about 1 o'clock P. M. The testimony of the enemy is that the troops retreated at 2 o'clock, but this refers to the many who ran back before our men got the prisoners out of the crater—our dutiful Lieutenant-Colonel was on the brink of the crater and came from the hospital, when he was ill, in time to join in the charge, when the prisoners surrendered, and had the opportunity of receiving a number of banners, but cared not for such honors. Our adjutant more ambitiously received two of them, but subsequently allowed some of Mahone's men to spirit them away.

Elliott's brigade lost 677 men that day, according to the estimate made by Adjutant Fant a few days after the battle. This was more than half the Confederate loss on this day :

The 18th South Carolina Volunteers lost 205 men.

"	22nd	"	"	"	"	216	"
"	23rd	"	"	"	"	49	"
"	26th	"	"	"	"	72	"
"	17th	"	"	"	"	135	"

677

The enemy's loss, according to General Grant's estimate a short time afterwards, was above 5,000 men, including 23 commanders of regiments and two commanders of brigades. These desperate trenches became the abode of the Seventeenth for the rest of the war.

LETTER FROM MAJOR J. C. COIT.

CHERAW, S. C., August 2, 1879.

Colonel F. W. McMaster,

Columbia, S. C. :

Dear Colonel,—Yours of the 29th ult. received. In giving you an account of the part taken by the artillery under my command, and my observations of the conduct of the other troops engaged at the battle of the crater in front of Petersburg, on July 30th, 1864, you will excuse me for going somewhat into details, as it seemed to me that I could not give an intelligent account of that engagement without doing so. I would state in the beginning that my camp-desk and all official papers.

of my command were captured when the enemy's cavalry made an attack on the artillery train near Appomattox station, on the night of April 8th, 1865. What I state, therefore, is from recollection without reference to official documents.

My immediate command consisted of four batteries of artillery, of four guns each, to-wit: Bradford's, of Mississippi, four 20-pounder Parrots; Wright's, of Halifax, Virginia, four 12-pounder Napoleons; Pegram's, of Petersburg, Virginia, four 12-pounder Napoleons; Kelly's, of Chesterfield, South Carolina, (my old battery,) four 12-pounder Napoleons.

At the time of the explosion of the mine Kelly's battery was on detached service in North Carolina.

When General Grant crossed to the south side of the James River my battalion was in position in front of General Butler at Bermuda Hundreds, and was moved upon the lines in front of Petersburg, when Grant made his first attack upon that place from City Point. In the defence of Petersburg, therefore, my command occupied the front from the beginning until the close of the siege. During the ten months of that siege, while the infantry were shifted from point to point, my artillery, except for a short time, occupied the same position. While my recollection therefore as to the position of brigades at certain dates (owing to the frequent changes) may not always be correct, still I was perfectly familiar with the general topography of the country and location of troops upon the part of the line occupied by my command. The same may be said in reference to artillery upon the Jerusalem plank road. These guns being some distance from the front line could be easily removed, and frequent changes were made. There were some mortars on the plank road near the covered way, and some guns near the Gee house on the morning of the explosion, but I do not recollect who commanded them that day. Of these I will speak hereafter. I enclose herewith a sketch from memory of the lines and the position of the troops. Batteries, covered ways, and important points adjacent to the crater. This sketch will probably aid you more in understanding the position of the troops as I recollect than any written description I could give.

The salient marked A, when the mine was exploded, was occupied by Pegram's battery, four guns. The battery to the left of the crater, marked B, was Wright's, of Halifax, Va., four guns. The battery marked C, on north side of Appomattox, was Bradford's, of Mississippi, four 20-pounder Parrots.

This battery was opposite the enemy's battery No. 1, and was intended

to enfilade their lines as far as the Hare house and beyond. These were the batteries under my command on the 30th July, 1864. Elliott's brigade occupied the position marked A, the right being in a gorge line in rear of Pegram's battery, and the left extending to or near the ravine in front of Wright's battery. My recollection is that Ransom's brigade occupied the line on Elliott's left, and Grace's brigade on Ransom's left. I have no distinct recollection what troops were to Elliott's right and beyond the centre; I think Wise's brigade. I do not know who commanded the one-gun battery to the right of the crater. This gun was in a ravine or hollow; was intended to sweep the space in front of the salient on the right, but I am sure could not reach the enemy after they occupied our works. I understood at the time the assault was made that this gun was abandoned by those having it in charge, but was afterwards effectively served; Captain McCabe, in his account of the defence of Petersburg, says by Hampton Gibbs and Lieutenant Chamberlayne. This also is the gun alluded to by General Hunt as being the only gun on the right of the crater that he did not silence. The truth is, it was the only gun on the right that could reach the assaulting columns, and it could not reach them after they entered our works. As to the guns in position on the Jerusalem plank road, in rear of the crater, I have no certain recollection. I remember that a section of Garden's, South Carolina battery, was there a few days before the battle, but whether it was there on the 30th I do not know. I see by the May No., 1878, SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS that Captain Flanner's North Carolina battery occupied that position. General Bushrod Johnson's headquarters was upon the Jerusalem plank road, near the cemetery, and is marked in the sketch, General Elliott's and my own near the spring on the covered way, in rear of his brigade.

The artillery to the left of Wright's battery, and to the right of the one gun battery on the right of the crater, may have thrown a few shot into the enemy's lines in their front, but took no part in the engagement at the crater. During the day some artillery was brought from the right or rear and placed in position on Cemetery hill, but took no part in the engagement. The only artillery actually engaged was Wright's battery, the battery at the Gee house, and the two mortar batteries marked on sketch M, and the one gun battery to the right of crater (F C). The ravine in which General Mahone formed his division, before making the charge upon the crater, is shown in the sketch to the rear of Elliott's head-quarters, and extending out from the covered way in a direction between the crater and the Plank road.

The night before the explosion I remained in Pegram's battery until

12 o'clock, at which time all was quiet on the lines, the men being in remarkably good spirits, singing songs, &c., all unconscious of the fate that awaited them with the dawn.

At 12 o'clock I returned to my head-quarters at the spring and slept soundly until awakened at daylight by the dull heavy sound of the explosion and by a sensation as of being rocked in a cradle. In a moment I suspected what had occurred and ran up the line in the direction of Pegram's battery. When within a few yards of the crater, I was met by the few men of the battery that survived the explosion, and the fate of the remainder was fully revealed. At this time the enemy were pouring over our works into the crater. Immediately after the explosion the enemy opened upon our lines with all the artillery concentrated in our front. The roar of the enemy's guns, the bursting of shells and rattle of musketry was deafening; yet with all I found the men of Elliott's brigade bravely manning the works up to the borders of the crater, leaving no front for the entrance of the enemy except such as had been made vacant by the up-heaval of the earth. I immediately made my way down the lines, to the left, to Wright's battery. The battery was not in the main line, but a few yards in the rear; it bore directly upon the salient at very close range, and was erected for the purpose of defending that front of our works. It was upon the hill to the left of and very near the ravine or covered way, in rear of Ransom's right. The position was a very elevated one (more elevated than the salient) and as there was a gradual ascent from the ravine to Pegram's battery, Wright's guns were enabled to sweep the front of our works over the heads of our men in the line occupied by Elliott's brigade.

From the moment of the explosion, until my arrival in Wright's battery, could not have exceeded twenty or twenty-five minutes. Up to this time no artillery from our lines had opened that I know of. I immediately ordered the battery to open with shrapnell and canister, first sweeping the ground in front of Elliott's line and the salient. At this time the enemy were still pressing their columns from their lines over the intervening space to the crater. This fire, together with the musketry from Elliott's brigade and other troops along the line within reach, soon checked the advance of the enemy from their own lines. The crater itself could not contain the masses that had already been hurled into the breach, so that thousands were crowded over its interior rim, and stood in its rear without apparent organization in one immense crowd.

Having checked the advance of the enemy from their lines, Wright's guns were turned directly upon the crater, and the masses assembled

in its rear. The fire from this battery was unremitting from the time it opened until the close of the engagement by the surrender of the crater, having thrown during the time from five to six hundred shell and canister. Anticipating a large expenditure of ammunition, additional supplies were ordered from the rear and brought in wagons from Cemetery Hill as near our lines as it was safe to do so in rear of Gracie's right, from which point it was borne by details of men appointed for that purpose. From my position in this battery I had a complete view of all the movements in front and rear of the crater and ground within our lines from the ravine to the plank road. Feeling that our safety depended upon our success in preventing the formation of the enemy, I watched their movements closely, and redoubled the fire when I saw any indication of formation or attempt to advance in the direction of the plank road.

During the engagement, Bradford's battery opened a heavy fire with his 20-pounder Parrots, enfilading the enemy's lines as far as the Hare house and beyond. I cannot speak in too high praise of the conduct of Captain Wright, his officers and men during this engagement. The day was excessively hot, and the labor of serving the guns so rapidly and bearing ammunition from the rear was very exhausting. So busy were we, that though conscious of the continual bursting of shells over us, I was not aware until after the firing ceased, to what a cannonade we had been subjected. Our works were literally battered, and the ground around us and in our rear was so honey-combed by the explosion of mortar shells that you could have walked all over it by stepping from hole to hole. Notwithstanding this heavy fire, the casualties were not great, owing to the fact that the enemy could only obtain an oblique fire upon the front of the battery, and the gunners were protected by heavy traverses between each gun. I may state here that owing to the nearness of the enemy's lines to the salient, the gun detachments of Pegram's battery were required to be awake and ready for an assault at all hours of the night and day. This necessitated the relief of the officers and men each day; two officers and sufficient men to man the guns being on duty, the remainder being in the rear. On the morning of the explosion, Lieutenants Hamlin and Chandler being on duty, were both, with twenty men, killed, three or four only of those on duty escaped.

Now, Colonel, I have stated all that I think necessary in reference to the part taken by the artillery under my command in the engagement of July 30th, 1864. It is not for me to say whose artillery did most effective service on that day. I think, however, I have cause to

complain of the slight praise bestowed upon Wright's battery by Captain McCabe in his account of the defence of Petersburg, (published in the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS). Captain McCabe was Adjutant of Pegram's battalion of artillery, and probably not upon the scene until the arrival of Pegram's artillery, which was brought from the right of our lines, and I presume was the artillery that took position on Cemetery hill. I am willing to be judged by those who were *present*, and in position best able to decide. The enemy certainly were in no mean position to know from what point came the most destructive fire. General Potter, of Burnside's corps, says in the court of inquiry, "The worst fire I saw came from the right (his right). There was a battery there behind some timber, which it was very difficult for our batteries to reach. I ordered my batteries to turn their whole attention to that one, but it apparently produced no effect." I have no criticisms to make upon Captain McCabe's account of what was done by others, but I do claim for the men under my command that they merited, and should have, the meed of praise due to those most prominent in the defence of Petersburg on that day.*

* Without intimating that Captain McCabe's sources of information were unreliable, I will state here that an army correspondent of the Richmond papers, in a letter published a day or two after the battle, gave the credit of repelling the enemy to Major Caskie's battalion, of Virginia. The account was never publicly corrected, and I suppose some future historian will seize upon the files of papers containing that letter as the best evidence to be obtained as to the artillery engaged. The truth is Major Caskie's battalion of artillery was to the left of Wright's battery; it could not reach the attacking columns of the enemy, and did not fire a single gun that I know of. I know that Major Caskie, having nothing to do in his front, spent some time with me in Wright's battery, as being the best position for obtaining a view of the battle. So much for the material out of which *history* is made up. I think Wright's battery did most effectual work, for the following reasons: 1st, it was erected for the special purpose of defending the salient; 2d, it was nearest the crater; 3d, The men were well protected from the enemy's fire, and the gunners fired with deliberation; 4th, the men were inspired to avenge the death of their comrades. Two of the guns of Pegram's battery were by the explosion thrown over between the two hostile lines, one of them nearly half-way to the enemy's lines. We recovered both by undermining and drawing them through a ditch into our lines. They were all remounted and placed in battery at the Gee house, where they remained until the evacuation of Petersburg. Only one gun was afterwards placed at the salient. This was a 24 pounder howitzer, and manned by a detachment of Kelly's South Carolina battery under Lieutenant Race. This gun was not brought out at the evacuation, being too heavy. The orders were to stand by it until the last moment after all the troops were withdrawn, and then to spike it. After sending out the other artillery, and when the

Captain McCabe, in the same account, has failed to do full justice to the men of Elliott's brigade; for on page 284, *SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS*, (December, 1876,) he says: "The dread upheaval has rent in twain Elliott's brigade, and the men to the right and left of the huge abyss recoil in terror and dismay. Nor shall we censure them, * * etc." Now I have already stated that when I reached the crater, which could not have exceeded ten minutes after the explosion, I found Elliott's men standing firm and undaunted, almost up to the very borders of the crater. From my position in Wright's battery, the whole of the line from the ravine to the crater was exposed to my view, and I witnessed the hand-to-hand engagement in each successive charge made by the enemy, and I venture to say that more men were then killed with bayonet and clubbed guns than in any other engagement during the war. The only thing separating our men and the enemy in the same ditch were hastily thrown up traverses, over the tops of which the opposing forces crossed their bayonets and delivered their fire. So stubbornly did Elliott's men contest every inch of ground, that the enemy failing to press them down the line from the direction of the crater, resorted to the expedient of rushing from the crater down the front of our works, and then by a flank movement mounting the works and jumping pell-mell upon Elliott's men in the trenches. I witnessed this manoeuvre executed several times, sometimes with success, but oftener they were repulsed or bayoneted as they leaped from the works. In this manner did they gain the little ground they held of our lines to the left of the crater. All beyond the crater was hid from my view by the rim of the crater and intervening ridge. The only mistaken movement I noticed was when one of our regiments, the Twenty-sixth South Carolina Volunteers, I think Smith's, attempted to leave the line and occupy the open ground between the crater and Elliott's headquarters. It was an effort gallantly made to interpose and prevent the advance of the enemy in the direction of Cemetery Hill and the plank road. The whole of this ground was swept by the enemy's artillery and musketry from their main line, not to speak of the fire from those within our works. No troops could stand a moment exposed to such a fire, and such as did not fall were immediately withdrawn. I think it was at this time Elliott was wounded. The saddest sight I saw was the wounded left in this exposed position appealing for help until they

troops were all gone I personally attended to the execution of this order. With that gun detachment I was the last to leave that part of the line, made so famous in the defence of Petersburg. Not a Confederate was to be seen as we marched down the line and through the covered way to Petersburg.

sank down in death. Any attempt to remove them would have been vain under that fire.

It was thus the battle raged from daylight until the arrival of Mahone's division, which, I think, was near 11 o'clock. The troops under Mahone were formed in the ravine in rear of Elliott's headquarters, extending from the covered way in a direction between the crater and the Plank road. New hope was inspired by the arrival of reinforcements, and not without good cause, for no sooner did Mahone's men emerge from that ravine at a double quick than did the immense mass in rear of the crater break, and without standing upon the order of their going, sought shelter in the cover of their main line. The fire of the artillery was increased, and as Mahone's men neared the crater, Wright's guns were turned upon the flying masses in front of the salient. The slaughter was terrific, and probably more men were killed in the retreat than in the advance. The victory was virtually won, but those of the enemy within the crater continued for sometime the desperate contest. In my opinion they remained in the crater more from fear of running the gauntlet to their own lines than from any hope of holding their position. At 1 o'clock P. M. the white flag was raised and the final surrender of the crater made.

From the time of the explosion until the charge of Mahone's division, the men of Elliott's brigade bore the brunt of the battle, and with a portion of Ransom's, were the only infantry troops that I saw opposing the advance of the enemy to Cemetery Hill and the Plank road, at least to the left of the crater. To the bravery and skilful handling of the brigade is due, more than to all other infantry troops, the credit of saving Petersburg on that day.

This account has been so hastily written, and is so disjointed that I fear it will not be very intelligible. Perhaps, however, you may extract a few grains of wheat from the chaff, and if anything I have said will aid you in giving a more correct account of that battle I shall be amply compensated for the time it has taken me to scratch it off.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully yours,

JAMES C. GOIT.

The Artillery on the Gettysburg Campaign.

REPORT OF MAJOR LATIMER.

HEADQUARTERS ANDREWS'S ARTILLERY BATTALION,

June 25th, 1863.

Major,—I hereby beg leave to submit the following report of the operations of this battalion in the recent engagements around Winchester.

On the morning of the 13th June we marched at 4 o'clock A. M. with Johnson's division from our encampment at Cedarville on the Front Royal and Winchester pike, Captain Carpenter's battery, Lieutenant Lambie commanding, being detached, and following the front brigade under immediate direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews.

This battery arrived in sight of Winchester about 12 o'clock M. Had it proceeded directly up the road it would have been subjected to the fire of a battery stationed on the right of the pike, and on an eminence between the first house on the right of the road, and an encampment which the enemy had just vacated.

Therefore Colonel Andrews moved Carpenter's battery through the woods to the left of the road, reaching an open field enclosed by a stone wall, which somewhat protected the guns. The battery came into action under fire, and in a few minutes by their well-directed shots drove off the enemy's battery as well as the supporting infantry, both retreating rapidly towards the town—one of the enemy's limbers having been exploded, thereby killing three men—others having been killed and wounded by the firing. During the engagement Carpenter's battery lost one man killed and one wounded, and three horses disabled. Dement's First Maryland battery, which was not engaged, but exposed to the fire, lost one man killed. Carpenter's battery was, for some time after this, exposed to a severe fire from heavy batteries which the enemy had posted on the heights to the left of the town, but which we could not reach. Later in the evening, when General Early advanced on the left, some of the enemy's infantry in retreating became exposed to view, when I ordered Lieutenant Lambie to open upon them with his two rifle-guns, which he did with effect, very much accelerating their speed. This drew upon the battery a severe fire from the enemy's batteries, posted as before described, without any damage however, except the loss of one or two horses. After night the battery was withdrawn and parked with the remainder of the battalion. None of the batteries of the battalion were again engaged during that day or the next, the enemy having retired within his works, and our lines not being advanced on that part of the field which we occupied. The battalion remained quietly in park behind a sheltering hill near the Front Royal road.

On the evening of the 14th, about dark, in accordance with orders from General Johnson, Dements' First Maryland battery, four Napoleons, a rifle section belonging to Raine's battery, under command of Captain Raine, and a section of Carpenter's battery (rifle guns), under command of Lieutenant Lambie, were taken by Colonel Andrews, with

two brigades of Johnson's Division (Steuarts and Nichols), all under the command of General Johnson, and moved across the country to the road leading from the Winchester and Martinsburg pike to Charlestown, by Jordan Springs, striking it at a point about four miles from the Martinsburg pike, about 3 o'clock A. M., and moving towards that pike. The remainder of the battalion had been left under my command in front of Winchester.

The batteries under command of Colonel Andrews were marching closed up on the infantry, and the first intimation of the presence of an enemy was given by rapid firing of musketry, indicating skirmishing at the head of the column. The battalion was halted immediately. The first gun of Dement's First Maryland battery, which was in front, being at this time within about two hundred yards of the burnt depot, was ordered forward by Colonel Andrews, under direction of General Johnson, and having arrived at the burnt depot was halted. In the meantime the infantry was formed to the right and left of the road by which they had been marching, along the line of the Winchester and Harper's Ferry railroad. The firing had ceased, and the remainder of the battalion was ordered into park in the woods to the right of the road at the burnt depot. Before getting into park, however, Colonel Andrews by direction of General Johnson ordered forward the gun which was in advance, bringing it into position in the road near the bridge across the railroad, upon which it was subsequently moved. The left gun of the same section was brought into position on the left of the road by the same orders. Skirmishers had been sent out from our lines, and quite rapid firing had begun. The two guns could not fire, our skirmishers being in the way. The skirmishers were, however, quickly driven back by the enemy, who followed them. The two guns mentioned then opened upon them with canister. They were severely engaged with infantry at short range, until the close of the action, about one and a half hours, not changing their position, and driving the enemy back frequently.

Shortly after these guns had been put into position the remainder of the battalion was posted by Colonel Andrews's orders along the edge of the wood to the left of the road. They became immediately engaged though at longer range than the first two guns, except Lieutenant Lambie's section of Carpenter's battery which, shortly after getting into position, was by direction of Colonel Andrews, taken to a position about two hundred yards to the right of the road, to protect against a flank movement. About half an hour after Lieutenant Stonestreet with left section of Dement's battery was ordered by Colonel Andrews

to the support of Lieutenant Lambie. A body of the enemy's infantry and cavalry being seen moving to the left of our position, Colonel Andrews directed Captain Raine to move his section about two hundred yards to the left and rear of his position, which he did, firing at right angles with his former line of fire with good effect. Shortly thereafter one of his guns, by order of General Johnson was taken down the road towards Jordan springs to intercept a body of the enemy who were retreating in that direction. The enemy seeing this gun before it had been put in position, several hundred of them surrendered to about seven of our infantrymen.

About the same time Lieutenant Lambie's section and one gun of Captain Dement's which were on the right of the road, not having had occasion to fire, were moved by direction of Colonel Andrews about one-half mile to the rear of our left, to fire upon the body of infantry and cavalry above spoken of, which Captain Raine's guns had not succeeded in arresting. The result was to scatter them in every direction thus making them an easy prey to our infantry.

The action at this time was pretty well over, the enemy's line being broken at nearly every point, and in order to complete the rout, Colonel Andrews was making preparations to charge with one of the sections of Dement's battery through the shattered lines of the enemy and open upon his rear, when he was struck in the arm by a shot from a lingering sharpshooter which gave him a severe, but not serious flesh wound. A short time afterwards the action was closed, the greater part of the enemy surrendering, the remainder having fled.

The conduct of the batteries on this occasion was most creditable, eliciting by the effect with which they were handled by their commanders, the admiration of all beholders. It will be seen that they were several times moved while under fire (always a difficult matter), and the celerity with which these movements were made showed the ability of the battery commanders and the efficiency of their commands.

Captain Raine's battery, though exposed to a severe infantry fire, suffered no loss except having three horses disabled. Sergeants East, Eads and Milstead, are mentioned as having made themselves conspicuous for coolness and fine service rendered, having acted as gunners in addition to their duties as chiefs of pieces. The conduct of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men serving the right section of Captain Dement's battery, cannot be spoken of in terms of praise sufficiently high. The stern determination with which they stood up to their guns is proven by the fact that the gun at the bridge was worked with terrible effect until six men were disabled, and on account of the

difficult position which the gun occupied the two cannoniers which were left were unable to work it. Finding the other gun's detachment becoming weak, the Sergeant and Corporal with the two men went over to its assistance. In a few minutes the latter detachment had suffered as great loss as the former, but owing to the superiority of the ground the gun could be worked with diminished numbers. The loss in Captain Dement's battery was two killed and thirteen wounded, among the wounded Lieutenant Contee and Sergeant Glascock. This loss was confined to the two guns above spoken of, except in the case of one of the men killed, which was done on Saturday when not engaged. Sixteen horses were also killed and disabled, fifteen of these being in the same section. I desire to bring to your immediate notice on this occasion the names of Lieutenant C. S. Contee, commanding the section, Sergeant Harris, Corporals Compton and Thompson, of the first gun; Sergeant Glascock and Corporal May, of second gun.

Captain Carpenter's battery, under command of Lieutenant Lambie, was served in the most efficient manner, both on the day on which we arrived in front of Winchester and the 15th instant. The Lieutenant finds difficulty in making any distinctions, but mentions Sergeant-Major Benjamin Karnes as having been in command of a section and having rendered excellent service. Captain Brown's battery was not engaged at any time.

It is useless for me to speak of the commanders of the batteries engaged. Their known skill and gallantry, as proven on every battlefield, makes it unnecessary to speak of them on this particular occasion.

I am, Major, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. W. LATIMER,

Major commanding Andrews's Artillery Battalion.

To Major B. W. Leigh, A. A. General Johnson's Division.

REPORT OF MAJOR MCINTOSH.

HEAD-QUARTERS MCINTOSH'S BATTALION,
Mitchell Station, July 30, 1863.

Colonel:—I have the honor to submit the following report, as called for, "of the operations of this battalion since leaving Fredericksburg," June 15, 1863. The command was moved from the latter place by way of Culpeper Courthouse, Front Royal, Shepherdstown, &c., to Cashtown, Penn., without incident worthy of special note. On the morning of Wednesday, July 1st, it moved with General Pender's division into the line of battle. One battery of Napoleon's (Captain Rice), and a sec-

tion of Whitworth's, was placed first in position a short distance to the right of the turnpike, by the side of a portion of Major Pegram's battalion, and fire was opened slowly upon the enemy, whenever they brought into view considerable bodies of troops, and occasionally upon their batteries. The Whitworth guns were used to shell the woods to the right of the town. After a short interval Captain Johnson's battery, and the remaining section of Captain Hurt's were placed on a commanding hill, some distance to the right, near the Fairfield road, at or near which point they remained during the first days' action without any occasion for an active participation, though frequently under fire. The remaining battery of the command under Lieutenant Wallace was also placed in position near the Cashtown Pike, and contributed its portion of work. The artillery fire on both sides was occasionally brisk, but deliberate on our part. At the time General Powell's batteries occupied the enemy's attention I opened on them a flank fire, which caused them to leave the position in haste, a fine opportunity was also afforded at this time of enfilading a heavy column of the enemy.

Infantry formed in the railroad cut, and along a line of fence, which was employed to advantage by my batteries, in connection with Major Pegram's, and the enemy entirely discomfited disappeared from the field. Previous to this time I had advanced two of my batteries to the intervening hollow, and followed close upon the enemy as he left the hills. No further movement was made during the day—the casualties being one man killed of Captain Johnson's, and one wounded of Captain Rice's by premature explosion, and several horses disabled.

On Thursday morning, July 2d, the battallion was put in position behind a stone wall on the range of hills to the left of the town of Gettysburg, Captain Rice's battery in reserve. The enemy opened upon the spot at various times throughout the two succeeding days a terrible artillery fire accompanied with a galling fire of musketry from their sharpshooters. Our line remained quiet until a movement forward being made by the first corps a few rounds was fired by us to draw the enemy's attention which never failed to do so. The firing in the afternoon became extremely warm and continued, and resulted in considerable loss, Lieutenants Tullis and Ferrell, of Hurt's battery, being wounded. Two guns were disabled on the first day's action, one 3-in. rifle, Lieutenant Wallace's, being struck upon its face, which was sent to the rear with the wagon; and one Whitworth having had an axle broken. The latter was taken to Major Duffie's train and repaired.

The two Whitworth guns were moved Friday morning, by direction

of Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill, to a commanding point north of the railroad cut, to enable them to enfilade the enemy's position; they fired it is believed with effect from this point. In the afternoon it was reported to me that the gun formerly disabled had broken its axle again, this time from its own firing. I immediately ordered it to be sent back to the rear for repairs, and learning the next morning that the gun was on the road and could not be hauled along, I sent Captain Hurt to superintend it himself; he succeeded in getting it repaired and followed with it by the route of the wagon train, leaving the rear part of his caisson somewhere on the road. Captain Hurt rejoined me at Hagerstown, the horses belonging to that gun being completely broken down and knocked up. The day of the third witnessed in great measure a repetition of the second. Previous to the charge of our men a general fire of artillery commenced on the right and extended along the left. The bombardment was replied to with equal spirit by the enemy, but their fire in time slackened, and when the charge was made by our men had almost entirely ceased.

During the two days' engagement, and especially the terrific bombardment of the third, it gives me pleasure to speak of the general good conduct of officers and men of this command, and I am proud to say, that occupying a good position for observation, not a single case came under my notice when anyone flinched from the post of danger. Where all behaved so well, it is difficult to draw distinctions; yet, being nearest the company of Lieutenant Wallace, I can bear especial testimony to the coolness and gallantry of himself and men. I cannot forbear also paying a tribute to the handsome conduct of my Ordnance officer, Lieutenant Houston, who exposed himself frequently to the hottest fire and assisted in working at one of the guns.

Saturday, the 4th, the same position was maintained with but little firing, and on the afternoon of that day, under orders from General Hill, I withdrew to Stone Bridge and awaited there the body of the corps, with which I moved to the village of Fairfield. Ordered here to report to General Anderson with two batteries, which I did, moving with his division, crossed the mountain before dark, leaving a section on the top, at the Emmitsburg road, and sending a battery at night with a regiment of Posey's brigade, to take position on the hill overlooking Waynesboro.

Monday, the 5th, moved with the main column to Hagerstown and sent one battery to picket with Anderson's and one with Lane's division.

On the 11th instant moved with General Anderson's division into

line of battle, and took position designated near St. James College, which strong of itself, was well entrenched, but occupied without battle till the evening of the 13th, when I withdrew at dark by your order, moving to Williamsport and thence to Falling Waters, over the worst road and during the worst night of the season. The river was reached and crossed in safety about 9 A. M., the caissons having been sent on before under Lieutenant Price, who conveyed them all safely to camp, about a mile and a half from the river. The Whitworth guns, under Captain Hurt, were put in position near the bridge by General Pendleton, and several shots were fired from them at columns of the enemy's cavalry. Captain Hurt, withdrawing by another road, rejoined the battalion at Bunker Hill. From Bunker Hill the battalion moved with General Anderson's division to Culpeper Courthouse.

Annexed is a statement of casualties with amount of ammunition expended :

Casualties in men killed and wounded.....	24
Men captured.....	16
Horses disabled and killed.. ..	38

The horses, from the battle of Gettysburg to the time of reaching Culpeper Courthouse, received no corn, subsisting entirely upon grass with a little sheaf oats and wheat.

Ammunition expended in battle :

Rounds of Napoleon.....	213
Rounds of 3-inch rifle.....	1,049
Rounds of Whitworth.....	133

Respectfully forwarded,

D. G. McINTOSH,
Major Commanding.

To Colonel R. L. Walker,
Commanding Artillery Third Corps.

The Confederate Treasure—Statement of Paymaster John F. Wheless.

We purpose putting on record a complete history of the Confederate treasure from the time it left Richmond, and also of the specie of the Richmond banks (with which it has been frequently confounded) in order that the slanders concerning it which ever and anon start up may be forever silenced. We are only waiting for some promised statements from gentlemen who were in position to know whereof they

affirm. But as we have already published the conclusive statement of Captain Clark as to the disposition made of the treasure after it was turned over to him, we are happy to be able to add now the equally satisfactory statement of General Wheless who was with the treasure from the evacuation of Richmond until its disbursement by Captain Clark. These two papers really leave nothing more to be said, and we should be quite willing to rest the matter with them but that we wish the evidence to be *cumulative*.

A distinguished Confederate sends us the following introductory note to the letter of General Wheless:

"General John F. Wheless, Inspector-General of Tennessee, was in 1863 a Captain in the First Tennessee Regiment of Volunteers and Assistant-Adjutant and Inspector-General of the corps commanded by Lieutenant-General Polk. At the battle of Perryville Captain Wheless was so severely wounded as to be disabled for field service. His fidelity and efficiency had gained the esteem of his corps commander, and as he had before entering the army been a banker of good repute, in Nashville, Tennessee. General Polk wrote warmly recommending him for an appointment as paymaster in the navy, as well because of his capacity as of his integrity and meritorious services in the field. In this new sphere of duty he was connected with the Confederate treasure when it was removed from Richmond and therefore specially well informed concerning it. When he saw the published report of an interview which represented General J. E. Johnston as making injurious reflections on President Davis in connection with the Confederate States treasure removed from Richmond, General Wheless, like other true-hearted Confederates, felt indignant at the slanderous insinuation and published in the *Nashville American*, of December 25th, a brief but decided refutation of the baseless fiction. At the suggestion of a friend he has written a fuller recital of events which preceded the appointment of Captain M. H. Clark to be treasurer, and thus completes the history of the fund from the time of leaving Richmond, Va., to that when Captain Clark closed the account at Washington, Ga."

LETTER FROM GENERAL WHELESS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Feb. 10th, 1882.

Sir—It gives pleasure to comply with the request for a statement in regard to the movement of the Confederate States Treasure after the evacuation of Richmond. I was at the time paymaster in the Confederate States Navy, and about noon of April 2nd, 1865, received orders

to accompany the naval command under Captain Wm. H. Parker, which had been ordered to escort the Treasury Department. The cars (two I think) containing the coin, books, and a number of officials, clerks and escort, was a part of the same train on which the President and Cabinet went from Richmond to Danville. My information as to the amount of gold and silver (obtained through conversations with gentlemen connected with the Department) was to the effect that it amounted to about \$200,000 mostly, silver and silver bullion. The Richmond banks also sent out about \$300,000, mostly gold, in charge of their own officials or clerks, who continued with the Treasury Department in order to have the protection of its escort.

In order to avoid the frequent repetition of "Treasury Department," I beg simply to refer to it by the expression "we."

After remaining three or four days in Danville, we proceeded to Greensboro, N. C.; remained there a few days, and leaving about \$40,000 of the silver there, moved to Charlotte. Staid there nearly a week, and went to Chester, S. C., thence to Newbury, and thence to Abbeyville, where we remained a few days, and then moved to Washington, Ga., where we took the cars for Augusta. We reached the Georgia railroad at Barnett's station, and I there met friends returning from the vicinity of Atlanta who informed me that they had seen in the Federal papers that Generals Sherman and Johnston had agreed upon an armistice. I immediately communicated the information to Captain Parker, and assured him of my confidence in the reliability of the report, and my conviction that it would end in General Johnston's surrender, and that a complete collapse of the Confederacy would immediately follow, and as soon as this became known Confederate money would become valueless, and the thousands of people of Augusta, and the large force of soldiers employed in the arsenal and other government shops there, having no other means with which to purchase supplies, would attempt the capture of the Confederate treasure, and in such an event our force was wholly inadequate for its protection, consisting only of the midshipmen and officers formerly of the Confederate States steamer "Patrick Henry." During the few days we remained in Augusta, I invited Judge Crump (the acting or assistant treasurer) and Captain Parker to dine with me at the Planter's hotel, and urged upon them the danger that would be incurred by remaining in Augusta, and advised moving to some smaller place, or back to the vicinity of the army, where discipline and organization would be maintained longer than elsewhere. We returned over the route by which he had moved south, and reached

Abbeville about two or three days before the arrival of the President and Cabinet.

Captain Parker feeling the great responsibility of his position, and satisfied that his command was wholly inadequate to the protection of the treasure, earnestly requested to be relieved, which request was granted, and the treasure was taken in charge by General Basil Duke, whose command consisted of about three brigades of cavalry, and moved that night about 12 o'clock towards Washington, Georgia. I had for several days been urging Judge Crump to allow me to draw a few thousand dollars in gold to pay off the "escort," they having faithfully discharged that duty for over a month. He was unwilling to assume what he termed "so much responsibility," but it was agreed that when the cabinet arrived Captain Parker should see Secretary Mallory, and with him call on Secretary Trenholm and get his approval to the payment alluded to. The sickness of Mr. Trenholm prevented the consummation of this arrangement.

We proceeded upon the proper idea that the Secretary of the Treasury was in full control of that department, and we would have as soon thought of applying to the President for quartermaster or ordnance stores as for money. Of course the chief executive had authority to supervise every department, but so far as we knew he had exercised no more control over the one than the other. In fact, most of the time we were out of reach of orders, and Captain Parker had to act on his own judgment, and I have every reason to believe that President Davis had no knowledge of our return to Abbeville until he arrived there. The morning following the departure of the treasure from Abbeville, I proposed to Captain Parker that I should try to overtake it at Washington, Ga., and endeavor to get sufficient to give the command enough to enable them to get to their homes. He consented to this, and I reached Washington about 6 o'clock that evening, called at the house where the President, his staff and part of the Cabinet were quartered, learned that Judge Reagan was the acting Secretary of the Treasury, with the full power of the head of that department. I was personally acquainted with Colonel William Preston Johnston, Judge Crump, and Paymaster Semple, all of whom I met in the parlor. Colonel J. Taylor Wood, to whom Captain Parker had given me a letter, was also there. I requested the influence of these gentlemen with Judge Reagan, but made no suggestion that they should present the matter to President Davis, and though he was in the parlor that night and the next morning I did not trouble him with any reference to it. Knowing that he had entrusted the Treasury Department to Judge Reagan and was occupied

with matters of greater moment, I felt it would be an unwarranted intrusion to approach him with the matter.

Judge Reagan gave me an order on Captain M. H. Clark (a bonded officer whom he had authorized to disburse the funds), for \$1,500 to be paid to the naval escort, and for \$300 to be handed to Lieutenant Bradford, of the marines, who was under orders for the trans-Mississippi Department.

General Bragg, Colonel Oladouski, Captain Clark and myself went to the specie train together, and General Basil Duke took a small bag of gold from one of the boxes and paid us the amounts called for by the orders we held.

While in Washington I learned that about \$100,000 of the coin had been paid out to the cavalry at or near Savannah river bridge, about half-way between Abbeville, S. C., and Washington, Ga. Captain Clark disbursed the balance, as I have learned from him since.

After drawing the money as above stated, I turned over the \$300 to Lieutenant Bradford, and the next morning left for Abbeville, and paid off the naval command there. On my return to Washington I heard that a considerable amount of gold had been captured near that place a night or two before, which I took to be that belonging to the Richmond banks, as I heard that the bank officials who had it in custody from the time of the evacuation of Richmond left Washington with it after the president took his departure from there.

I was with the Treasury Department continuously, from the evacuation of Richmond to its final disbursement, with the exception of a few hours, and from personal knowledge can say that any statement which charges or insinuates that Jefferson Davis used any part of it for his personal benefit is without the slightest foundation, and considering the ease with which a full knowledge of all the facts could have been had, any such statement is not only unwarranted but unjust, if not wickedly malicious.

Respectfully, &c.,

JOHN F. WHELESS.

Rev. J. Wm. Jones, D. D., Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.

Charge of the Kentuckians at Stone River.

Written for the Southern Historical Society Papers by Mrs. SALLIE NEILL ROACH.

[We are under many obligations to the accomplished author of "Theon" for the following beautiful poem:]

"Kentuckians! Charge the Batteries!" Thus the brief command is heard,
And glance meets glance, and lips are dumb, is breathed no questioning word.

Proudly floats their banner there, and bright the bayonets gleam,
And in the waiting hush one hears the ripple of a stream.

Booms across the wooded slope the angry signal gun!
Quickly bugles sound the charge and tell the work begun.

Forward full five thousand men, while whistling bullets fall,
And all the air around is thick with raining shell and ball.

Onward, o'er the nearer ridges! Onward, through the stream!
Onward, where the cannon flashes from the hill-top gleam!

Thicker, faster, round them, o'er them falls the iron rain;
Broken lines are closed together, ranks made whole again.

Nine times see their standard falling—nine times see it wave,
As stalwart arm has raised it where its bearer finds his grave.

One brigade against an army! Yet they climb the hill;
Unsupported hold their places; meet with dauntless will

Death's flying missiles. Hour like ages! Comes at last recall.
Backward less than half their number, fight through shell and ball.

Lies their leader near the ramparts; lie their comrades round;
Face to foeman, slow the remnant leave the bloody ground.

Heroes they! Their banner wreathed with never-dying glory,
Their deed throughout the wondering world proclaimed in song and story.

For history's page no nobler names shall bear recorded ever,
Than those of *Hanson and his men* who fell beside Stone river.

Notes and Queries.

The wounding of Stonewall Jackson or anything relating to it, is of such deep interest as to make no apology necessary for its frequent introduction.

We have published what seems to us conclusive testimony that Jack-

son was wounded by the fire of his own men; but we give the following statement, which is of interest, although it cannot coneract the positive testimony we have already published :

STONEWALL JACKSON'S DEATH.

Mr. D. W. Busick, of this county, who since the war has been register of deeds, was one of the soldiers that started with the litter that bore General Jackson off the field that fearful night at Chancellorsville. As a historical incident, from so worthy a source, Mr. Busick's version of the affair is worth giving. He says that Jackson was not shot by our own men. He was lying that night by the road down which the Yankees were sweeping with canister and minnie, when General Jackson crossed the road and was shot. His aid called out, and Busick was one of the men that ran to him. He carried one corner of the litter as they went through the woods, where the men were lying so thick that he stepped on a man's leg, and the fellow pulling his leg away tripped him up and he fell, another soldier springing up and taking his place at the litter. They evidently thought he was shot, and history so has it that one of the men at the litter was shot down. But not so. Mr. Busick was that man. In his opinion that Jackson was not shot by his own men he is borne out by many other old soldiers who were present. Mr. Robertson, near Pelham, in Caswell county, was lying on that road, and had his gun-barrel bent by a shot from the same charge that swept the road just about the time that Jackson was killed. He sprang into the woods.—*Reidsville (N. C.) Times*.

In reference to the wounding of the litter-bearer, we have the following in a letter from Dr. Thomas P. Perkins, of Wilmington, Fluvanna county, Va., whom we have known from our boyhood, and for whose high character we can vouch: * * "The man who was bearing General Jackson off the field when wounded, and also had his arm shot off at the time, and had to drop the litter, lives in my neighborhood. He is called 'one-armed John Johnson,' and is a good, worthy man, though very poor. All of the facts can be well established, as the officer by whose command he acted on the occasion, Major J. G. Bowles, is my nearest neighbor and partner in business."

We have asked Dr. Perkins to procure from Mr. Johnson a statement of his recollection of the facts.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

VOLUME IV—(JULY—DECEMBER, 1877), which we have been for so long unable to furnish on account of the exhaustion of several numbers, is now ready for delivery—the missing numbers having been reprinted—and we beg those needing the volume to complete their sets to send on their orders *at once*. Please state definitely whether you wish it bound or unbound, and if bound, in what style. We mail it for \$1.50 unbound, \$2.00 in cloth, \$2.25 in half Morocco, and \$2.50 in half calf.

RENEWALS ARE STILL IN ORDER.—Many of our best friends having overlooked this (to us at least) very important formality. In a few days we shall send bills to all delinquents, but we hope that our friends will save us postage by sending us the \$3.00 *at once*.

"HE GIVES TWICE WHO GIVES QUICKLY" is a proverb which we would be glad for our friends to remember. We would say to many who have promised to help us—by taking Life Memberships, by purchasing full sets of our *Papers*, or by direct contributions to our funds—that we especially need your help *now*, and that your contribution would be much more valuable to us *now* than it is likely to be in the future.

We repeat what we said in our last number, that our financial outlook is *more hopeful* than for several years; but in order to realize our hopes we must have the *practical and prompt help of our friends*.

THE ENROLMENT OF TROOPS FROM EACH STATE in the Confederate armies is a matter of great interest and importance, and we are glad to notice that the Legislature of South Carolina recently passed "An Act to provide for the preparation of Rolls of Troops furnished by the State of South Carolina to the Army of the Confederate States, and of the militia of the State in active service during the war between the Confederate and United States."

We believe that North Carolina has passed a similar act, and we trust that the other States will follow so that we may have a full roster of the troops who fought for Southern independence.



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On and after SUNDAY, December 15, 1901, Passenger trains will run as follows:

South Bound.		Mail	Express	Fast Mail
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Alexandria	7:50 a. m.	1:00 p. m.	11:40 a. m.	
Rockville—Arrive	11:43 a. m.	2:35 a. m.		
Charlottesville	12:00 m.	3:50 a. m.	9:57 p. m.	
Lynchburg	2:20 p. m.	4:45 a. m.	5:00 p. m.	
Danville	5:45 p. m.	6:57 a. m.	7:12 p. m.	
North Danville	8:00 p. m.	7:00 a. m.	7:15 p. m.	
North Bound.		Mail	Express	Fast Mail
North Danville—Leave	10:55 a. m.	5:55 a. m.	10:35 p. m.	
Danville	10:55 a. m.	5:55 a. m.	10:35 p. m.	
Lynchburg	2:20 p. m.	6:00 a. m.	12:55 a. m.	
Charlottesville	4:30 p. m.	6:30 a. m.	8:10 a. m.	
Rockville	5:45 p. m.	7:45 a. m.		
Alexandria	7:20 p. m.	12:55 p. m.	7:15 a. m.	
Washington	9:15 p. m.	1:30 p. m.	7:40 a. m.	

Mail southwest connects at Charlottesville with Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, East and West. At Lynchburg connects with Norfolk and Western Railroad, through Southwest Virginia, to Nashville, New Orleans, Memphis, Little Rock and Texas—and at Danville with Richmond and Danville Railroad to South and Southwest.

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For MANASSAS LINE, leave Washington 7:10 a. m. and Alexandria 7:45 a. m. daily, except Sunday; arrive at Strasburg at 12:21 p. m., connecting with the Valley Road East and West, and at Silver Spring, leave Strasburg 1:15 p. m., arriving at Alexandria at 5:55 p. m.

MIXED TRAIN FOR MANASSAS DIVISION, leave Alexandria daily, except Sunday, at 3:00 p. m., arriving at Strasburg at 5:35 p. m., and returning leaves Strasburg at 5:25 a. m., arriving in Alexandria at 8:45 a. m.

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For Washington, Rapidanbrook, daily connect here except Sunday at Outpost.

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